# THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, JUNE

## THE CURSE & CARNE'S HOLI

A TALE OF ADVENTURE.

By G. A. Henty,

Author of "Under Drake's Flag," "With Clive in India," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER I .- How THE CURSE BEGAN. | shark is about the extent to which we There was nothing about Carne's Hold usually indulge, though sometimes when we that would have suggested to the mind of the passing stranger that a curse lay upon it. Houses to which an evil history is attached lie almost uniformly in low and damp situations. They are embedded in trees; their appearance is gloomy and melancholy. The vegetation grows rank around them. The drive is overgrown with weeds and mosses, and lichens cling to the walls. Carne's Hold possessed none of these features. It stood high up on the slope of a hill, looking down into the valley of the Dare, with the pretty village of Carnesford nestling among its orchards, and the bright stream sparkling in the sunshine.

There was nothing either gloomy or forbidding about its architecture, for the term "Hold" that the country people applied to it was now a misnomer, for the bombarders of Essex had battered the walls of the old fortified house, and had called in the aid of fire to finish the work of destruction. The whole of the present house was therefore subsequent to that date; it had been added to and enlarged many times, and each of its owners had followed out his own fancies in utter disregard of those of his predecessors; consequently the house represented a medley of diverse styles, and, although doubtless an architectural monstrosity, was picturesque and pleasing to the eye of men ignorant of the canons of art.

There were no large trees near it, though a clump rose a few hundred yards behind it, and took away the effect of bareness it owers, and it was clear that no blighting nfluence hung over them, nor, it would be hat swinging in one hand, and a basket, moved among them. But the country peo-ple for six miles round firmly believed that a curse lay on Carne's Hold, and even have been willing to give a daughter in | curiosity as to this mysterious curse." marriage to an owner of the place. The family now simply called their abode The

Carnesford, now a good-sized village, had

have changed in no way since the days when its owner held it on the tenure of grinding such corn as the owners of the Hold required for the use of themselves and their retainers. Often, too, in the season, a fisherman would descend from the coach as it stopped to change horses at the Carne's Arms, and take up his quarters there, for there was fare fishing in the Dare, both in the deep still pool above the mill and for three or four miles further up, while sea and stronger than in the stretch of water between Carnesford and Dareport, two miles

was a fishing village as yet untouched, and almost unknown even by wandering tourists and offering indeed no accommodation whatever to the stranger beyond what he might, perchance, obtain in the fishermen's as its visitors declared, was the rain. It certainly rained often there, but the villagers searcely noticed it. It was to the rain. of the valley and the luxuriousness of their garden crops, which always fetched the top price in Plymonth market; and they were by the southwest wind from over the sen

a young man who was standing at the door of the Carnes Arms just as the evening was closing in at the end of a day in the beginning of October, 1850, looked gloomily out at the weather. "One does not mind when one is fishing," he muttered to himselt, but when one has once changed into dry plothes one does not want to be a prisoner here every evening. Another day like this, and I shall pack up my traps and get back

and entering the bar, took his seat in the little sanctum behind it, for he had been staying in the bouse for a week, and was now a privileged personage. It was a snug little room; some logs were blazing on the hearth, for although the weather was not cold, it was damp enough to make a fire pleasant. Three of the landlord's particuar cronics were scated there: Hiram Powlett the miller, and Jacob Carey, the blackseen the village clerk until his voice became so thin and uncertain a treble that the vicar

was obliged to find a successor for him.
"Sit down, Mr. Gulston," the landlord said, as his guest entered. "Fine day it has been for fishing, and a nice basket you have brought in.

een well enough for fishing, landlord, but I would rather put up with a lighter basket, and have a little pleasanter The sentiment evidently caused surprise,

which Jacob Carey was the first to give ex-"You don't say, now, that you call this unpleasant weather, sir? Now I call this about as good weather as we could expect in the first week of October; warm and soft,

and in every way seasonable."
"It may be all that," the guest said, as he lit his pipe, "but I own I don't care about having the rain trickling down my neck from breakfast time to dark."

"Our fishermen about here look on a little rain as good for sport," Hiram Powlett

am not much of a sportsman. I used to be fond of fishing when I was a lad, and again, but I am afraid I am not as patient as I was. I don't think sea life is a good

"I fancied now that you might be a sailor,
Mr. Gulston, though I didn't make so bold
as to ask. Somehow or other there was something about your way that made me Edgar and his wife did not get on well to-tbink you was bred up to the sea. I didn't gether. They all agreed that she seemed know, for I can't recollect as ever we have ad a sailor gentlemen staying here for the

"No," Mr. Gulston laughed, "I don't since inseemed natural that even a heather think we often take to the rod. Baiting a woman should care for her child. six-inch hook at the end of a sea line for a

are at anchor the youngsters get the lines overboard and catch a few fish. Yes, I am overboard and catch a few fish. Yes, I am a sailor, and belong, worse luck, to the flag-ship at Plymouth. By the way," he went on, turning to Jacob Carey, "you said last night, just as you were going out, something about the curse of Carne's Hold. That's the house up on the hill, isn't it? What is the curse, and who said it?"

"It is nothing, sir, it's only foolishness," the landlord said hastily. "Jacob meant nothing by it."

"It ain't foolishness, John Beaumont, and

"It an't foolishness, John Beaumont, and you know it—and for that everyone knows it. Foolishness indeed; here's Reuben Claphurst can tell you if it's nonsense; he knows all about it if anyone does."

"I don't think it ought to be spoken of before strangers," Hiram Powlett put in.

"Why not?" the smith asked sturdily.
"There isn't a man on the countryside but knows all about it. There can be no hard. knows all about it. There can be no harm in telling what everyone knows. Though the Carnes be your landlords, John Beat mont, as long as you pay your rent you ain't beholden to them; and as for you, Hiram, why everyone knows as your great-grand-father bought the rights of the mill from them, and your folk have had it ever since.

them, and your folk have had it ever since. Besides, there ain't nothing but what is true in it, and if the 'Squire were here himself he couldn't say no to that."

"Well, well, Jacob, there's something in what you say," the landlord said, in the tone of a man convinced against his will; but, indeed, now that he had done what he considered his duty by making a protest, he had no objection to the story being told. "Maybe you are right; and, though I should not like it said as the affairs of the Carnes not like it said as the affairs of the Carnes were gossiped about here, still, as Mr. Gulsit would otherwise have had. The ton might, now that he had heard about the garden was well kept, and bright with curse on the family, ask questions and hear curse on the family, ask questions and hear all sorts of lies from those as don't know as much about it as we do, and especially as thought, upon the girl, who, with a straw | Reuben Claphurst here does, maybe it were better he should get the rights of the story from him."

"That being so," the sailor said, "perhaps you will give us the yarn, Mr. Claphurst, for I own that you have quite excited my The old clerk, who had told the story scores of times, and rather prided himself on his telling, was nothing loth to begin.

"There is nothing mysterious about it once been a tiny hamlet, an appanage of Carne's Hold, but it had long since grown out of leading strings, and though it still will have it as it's a cusse on the family for out of leading strings, and though it still regarded The Carnes with something of its old feudal feeling, it wouldn't do not the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the purpose of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, source the wind of the welckedness of old Sir Edgar. So it be, therefore one of the wind of the wind of the way to man the tentum the will and the will and the well well of the doctor, and stopped a moment to tell the news that there was a terrible occur the there was the there was a terrible occur the there was the there was a terrible occur the there was the there was a terrible occur the there was the there was a terrible occur the there was the there was a terrible occur the there was the there was a terrible occur the there was judgment brought on them by that foreign, heathen woman. Of course, I don't expect other people to see it in that light."

This was in answer to a grunt of dissent on the part of the blacksmith. "They ain't all had my advantages, and looks at it as their tathers and grandfathers did before them. Anyhow, there is the curse, and a bitter curse it has been for the Carnes, as you will say, sir, when you have heard my story.
"You must know that in the old times the

Carnes owned all the land for miles and miles round, and Sir Marmaduke fitted out three ships at his own expense to fight under Howard and Blake against the Span-

"It was in his time the first slice was cut off the property, for he went up to court and held his own among the best of them, and made as brave a show, they say, as any of the nobles there. His son took after him, and another slice, though not a big one, went; but it was under Sir Edgar, who next, that bad times fell upon Carne's Hold. When the trouble began he went out for the King with every man he could raise in the country round, and they say as there was no man struck harder or heavier for King Charles than he did. than he did. He might have got off, as many another one did, if he would have given it up when it was clear the cause was lost; but whenever there was a rising any-where he was off to join it, till at last house and land and all were confiscated, and he

had to fly abroad.
"How he lived there no one exactly knows. Some said as he fought with the Spaniards against the Moors; others, and I think they were not far from the mark, that he went out to the Spanish Main and joined a band of lawless men and lived a pirate's life there. No one knows about that. I don't think anyone, even in those days, did know anything, except that when he came back with King Charles he brought with him a Spanish wife. There were many tales about her. Some said that she had been a nun, and that he had carried her off from a convent in Spain, but the general belief was—and as there were a good many Devonshire lads who fought with the rovers on the Spanish Main, it's likely that the report was true—that she had been the wife of some Spanish Don, whose ship had been continued by the nights.

had been captured by the pirates.
"She was beautiful, there was no doubt about that. Such a beauty, they say, as was never seen before or since in this part. either something on her conscience or had gone through some terrible time that had well-nigh shaken her reason. She had a baby some months old with her when she arrived, and a nurse was engaged from the string for the night before. As therefore the pair had been married according to the village for the string for the night before. But they say that from the first she had a wild, hunted look about her, as if she had village, for, strangely enough, as everyone thought at the time, Sir Edgar had brought back no attendant either for himself or his

'No sooner was he back, and had got pos-No sooner was he back, and had got pos-session of his estates, being in that more lucky than many another who fought for the Crown, than he sat to work to rebuild the Hold; living for the time in a few rooms that were patched up and made habitable in the old building. Whatever he had been doing while he was abroad, there was no doubt whatever that he had head. doubt whatever that he had brought back with him plenty of money, for he had a host of masons and carpenters over from Plymouth, and spared no expense in having things according to his fancy. All this time he had not introduced his wife to the county. Of course, his old neighbors had called and had seen her as well as him, but he had said at once that until the new house was fit to receive visitors he did not wish to enter society, especially as his wife was en-tirely ignorant of the English tongue.

"Even in those days there were tales brought down in the village by the servants who had been hired from here, that Sir seeming to have no care or love for her lit

"They said, too, there were often fierce quar-

rels between Sir Edgar and her, but as they always talked in her tongue nobody knew what they were about. When the new house was finished they moved into it, and the ruins of the old Hold were leveled with the ground. People thought then that Sir Edgar would naturally open the house to the county, and, indeed, some entertainments were given, but whether it was that they believed the stories to his disadvantage, or that they shrank from the strange or that they shrank from the strange hostess, who, they say, always looked on these occasions stately and cold, and who spoke no word of their language, the county gentry gradually fell away, and Carne's Hold was left pretty much to its owners. "Soon afterward another child was born.

There were, of course, more servants now, and more state, but Lady Carne was as much alone as ever. Whether she was determined to learn no word of English, or whether he was determined that she should not, she at any rate made no attempt to acquire her husband's language, and many said that it was a shame that he did not get her a nurse and a maid who could speak her

to town and remaining for weeks at a time, shoot; and natural enough when a man and there was a whisper that he played, shuts himself up and takes no exercise to

"His uncle, the General, came down and took possession, and for a time it seemed as if the curse of the Carnes had died out, and indeed no further tragedies have taken place in the family, but several of its members have been unlike other men, suffering from fits of morose gloom or violent passion. The father of Reginald, the present squire, was of a bright and jovial character, and during the thirty years that he was possessor of the Hold had been so popular in this part of the country that the old stories had been almost forgotten, and it is generally believed that the curse of the Carnes has died out. indeed no further tragedies have taken Carnes has died out.

quire her husband's language, and many said that it was a shame that he did not get her a nurse and a maid who could speak her tongue; for in the days of Charles there were foreighers enough in England, and there could have been no difficulty in procuring her an attendant of her own religion and race.

"They quarreled more than ever; but the servants were all of opinion that whatever it was about it was her doing more than his. It was her voice to be heard rising in passionate tones, while he said but little, and they all agreed he was polite and courteous in his manner to her. As for her, she would walk for hours by herself up and down the terrace, talking aloud to herself, sometimes wringing her hands and throwing her arms wildly about. At this time there began to be a report among the country round that Lady Carne was out of her mind.

"She was more alone than ever now, for Sir Edgar had taken to making journevs up to town and remaining for weeks at a time, and there was a whisper that he played



heavily and unluckily. So things went on until the third child was born, and a fortnight afterward a servant from the Hold

and cries that rang at times through the house were so terrible that they could not bear them; but indeed there was but small occasion for servants, for Sir Edgar was almost always away. One night one of the girls who had stayed on and had been spending the evening with her friends, went home late, and just as she reached the house she saw a white figure

appear at one of the barred windows. "In a moment the figure began crying and screaming, and to the girl's surprise many of her words were English, which she must have picked up without anyone knowing it. The girl always declared that her language made her blood run cold, and was full of oaths such as rough sailor men use, and which, no doubt, she had picked up on shipboard; and then she poured curses upon the Carnes, her husband, the house and her descendants. The girl was so panic-stricken that she remained silent till in a minute two other women appeared at the window,

hold upon the bars.
"A few days afterward she died, and it is mostly believed by her own hand, though this was never known. None of the servants, except her own attendants, ever en-tered the room, and the doctor never opened his lips on the subject. Doubtless he was well paid to keep silence. Anyhow her death was not Sir Edgar's work, for he was away at the time, and only returned upon the day after her death. So, sir, that is how the curse came to be laid on Carne's

"It is a terrible story," Mr. Gulston said, when the old clerk ceased; "a terrible story. It is likely enough that the rumor was true and that he carried her off after capturing the vessel and killing her husband, and perhaps all the rest of them, and that she had never recovered from the shock. Was there ever any question as to whether they had been married?"

"There was a question about it—a good deal of question; and at Sir Edgar's death the next heir, who was a distant cousin, set up a claim, but the lawyer produced two documents Sir Edgar had given him. One was signed by a Jack priest, who had, it was said, been one of the crew on board Sir Edgar's ship, certifying that he had duly and lawfully married Sir Edgar Carne and Donna Inez Martos; and there was another from a Spanish priest, belonging to a church at Porto Rico, certifying that he had mar-ried the same pair according to Catholic rites, appending a note saying that he did so although the husband was a heretic, beerful friends at court, the matter dropped, and the title has never since been disputed only lived four years after his wife's death. Had he lived much longer there would have been no estate left to dispute. As it was, he gambled away half its wide acres." "And how has the curse worked?" Mr.

"In the natural way, sir. As I was say-ing before, it has just been in the natural way, and whatever people may say, there is nothing, as I have heard the old parson lay down many a time, to show that the poor cresture's wild ravings had aught to do with what followed. The taint in the blood of Sir Edgar's Spanish wife was naturally inherited by her descendants. Her son showed no signs of it, at least as far as I have heard, until he was married and his wife had borne him three sons. Then it burst ont. He drew his sword and killed a servant who had given him some imaginary offense, and then, springing at his wife, who had thrown herself upon him, he would have strangled her had not the servants run in and torn him off her. He, too, ended his days in confinement. His sons ended his days in confinement. His showed no signs of the fatal taint. "The eldest married in London, for i of the gentry of Devoushire would have

given their daughter in marriage to a Carne.

speak of, he gets out of sorts and dult like; anyhow there's nothing wrong about him. He's just as sane and sensible as you and L."

popular persons in that part of the county, tate had years before formed part of that of the Carnes, but had been separated from it in the time of Sir Edgar's grandson, who had been as fond of London life and as keen a gambler as his ancestor.

standing at the door of the hotel, Reginald Carne and his sister had ridden past; they seemed to care no more for the weather than did the people of the village, and were laughing and talking gaily as they passed, and Charles Gulston thought to himself that he had never seen a brighter and pret-tier face than that of the girl in all his

He thought often of the face that day, but he was not given to romance, and when he had once geturned to his active duties as First Lieufenant of H. M. S. Tenebreuse, he thought no more on the subject until three weeks later his captain handed him a note, saying: "Here, Gulston, this is more in your line

than mine. It's an invitation to a ball for myself and some of my officers from Mrs. Mervyn. I have met her twice at the Admiral's, and she is a very charming woman, but as her place is more than 20 miles away and a long distance from a railway station, I certainly do not feel disposed to make the journey. They are, I believe, a good county family. She has two pretty daughters and a son—a captain in the Borderers, who and a son—a captain in the Borderers, who came into garrison about a month ago; so I ner of one asking his welfare, his senses have no doubt the soldiers will put in a strong appearance."

"I know the place, sir," Gulston said;
"it's not far from Carnesford, the village
where I was away fishing the other day, and
as I heard a good deal about them I think I will put in an appearance. I dare say Mr.
Lucas will be glad to go, too, if you can
can spare him."
"Certainly, any of them you like, Gulston, but don't take any of the midshipmen;

you see Mrs. Mervyn has invited my offi-cers, but as the soldiers are likely to show up in strength, I don't suppose she wants

We have an invitation to a ball, Doc tor," Lieutenant Gulson said after leaving the Captain, to their ship's doctor, "for the 20th., at a Mrs. Mervin's. The captain 20th., at a Mrs. Mervin's. The captain says we had better not go more than three. Personally I rather want to go. So Hilton of course must remain on board, and Lucas can go. I know you like these things, although you are not a dancing man. As a rule it goes sorely against my conscience taking such a useless person as one of our representatives; but upon the present occasion it does not matter, as there is a son of the house in the Borderers; and, of course,

they will put in an appearance in strength.
"A man can make himself very useful at a ball, even if he doesn't dance, Gulston," the doctor said: "Young fellows always think chits of girls are the only section of the female sex who should be thought of if there are only boys present? The conversation of a sensible man like myself is quite as great a treat to the chaperons as is the pleasure of hopping about the room with you to the girls. The conceit and selfishness of you lads surprise me more and more, there are literally no bounds to them.

How far is this place off?"
"It's about 20 miles by road, or about 15 by train, and eight or nine to drive afterward. I happen to know about the place as it's close to the village where I was fishing a fortnight ago." "Then I think the chaperons wifl have to

do without me, Gulston. I am fond of studying human nature, but if that involves staying up all night and coming back in the morning, the special section of human nature there presented must go unstud-ied." "I have been thinking that one can man

age without that, Doctor. There is a very sang little inn where I was stopping in the village, less than a mile from the house. I propose that we go over in the atternoon, dine at the inn, and dress there. Then we

party. (To be continued next Saturday.) PUNNY FOODS. ome of the Queer Things That Are Enten in

after it is over, and come back after

breakfast."
"Well, that alters the case, lad, and un-

der those conditions I will be

Different Countries Who would ever think of eating butterlies-of making a meal from the pretty insects that flit about the garden on a summer's day? But the blackmen who live in Australia would laugh, says a writer in Little Folks Magazine, at the idea of taking pleasure in a butterfly's beauty, or of carefully preserving it in a glass case. To them the butterfly calls up thoughts of a time of great feasting and laziness, when there is plenty to eat and little to do, for this is the black Australian's idea of happiness.

There are some mountains in Australia that are called the Bugong Mountains, and on them, at certain times, great quantities of butterflies collect. The natives flock from all the country round and light great fires, the smoke of which suffocates the little insects. Then they are gathered and baked upon the hot ground on which the fires were; they are sifted to get rid of the down and wings, and the plump little bodies are made into cakes which are said to have a sweet, nutty taste.
A certain African king who came to this

ountry was one day, soon after his arriva!, invited to a grand party. His host thought he would give him something to eat unlike anything that he had ever tasted before, so brought him a strawberry ice. "Isn't that good?" he asked the black man. "Yes, it am berry nice," was the reply, "but did white man ever eat ants?" The favorite food in his country consisted of white ants pounded up into a jelly and baked; and the straw-berry ice was so very good that it reminded him of this delicacy. While ants are eaten in some parts of Africa, a curry made of their eggs is a favorite dish in an Asiatic country called Siam, and in Mexico a kind

of bread is made of ants' eggs. 2 The ugly little bushmen of South Africa are very fond of roasted spiders, and a Japanese tribe called the Airos live chiefly on a nese tribe called the Airos live chiefly on a stew made of seaweed, slugs, fish, roots, berries, and mushrooms, with a soup in which kind of clay, which is very much like patty, is mixed. They were horrified at seeing an English lady who visited them put milk in her tea, and thought it very strange that anyone should like to spoil tea with a liquid that tasted so strong as milk. The Chinese are funny people in many ways, but in none more so than in their londness for soups made of sharks' fins and birds' nests. The nests that are used for birds' nests. The nests that are used for soups are not at all like those that we know; they are no thicker than a spoon, are about as big as a turkey egg, and do not weigh more than half an ounce. Thousands of Chinamen make their living by gathering and selling these queer little nests, and the finest sort are very valuable, sometimes fetching two or three times their weight in silver. These same people are very fond of puppy-dogs fattened and roasted. A leg of a dog is as common in their butchers' shop

disconcert even the coolest professional. To the unprofessional who desires above all things to conceal his identity the impulsive woman is a holy terror.

"Not long ago it happened that the wife of one of our prominent physicians was alone on the parlor floor of her residence. The house had never been burglarized, and no one thought that it would be or could be. On the night in question the lady was awakened by sounds in the parlor, and calling out to ask who was there she heard re-treating footsteps. Half awake and wholly under the influence of the thought that one of her servants or some member of the fam ped, and without a moment's hesitation started in pursuit, intent only in learning what was the matter. In the hall she came face to face with a strange man, and even then she was not wide awake enough to be afraid. The thought that the stranger was a hurglar did not come to her until she had asked, in an anxious way, what was the

matter. "The burglar, who it was afterward dis-covered, had made preparations to carry off the silver and certain other articles which he had collected, was so confused that he made a single exclamation, stepped to the front door, opened it, and walked quickly away. He said afterward that the idea of a small, delicate-faced woman following him up closely, made him shiver, and when she deserted him, and there was nothing for his to do but to get out."

Writer Gives an Account of How the Youth is Trained. Atlantic Magazine.

At the age of 13 a German boy has been carried so far as to write and speak his language correctly; and as to reading, a boy is not admitted to the third form unless he can read firmly, distinctly and intelligently. The greatest exactness is required in this respect. The laws of punctuation are close ly watched; the slightest transposition of words, be it ever so insignificant, is never allowed to pass, and here, too, at an early age, the boy becomes deeply impressed with that leading principle which runs through the whole system of education, that there are no two ways about truth. Parsing is never practiced in connection with reading in the student's vernacular,

and exactness in distinguishing the parts of speech is obtained through the medium of other languages by comparison. Such thing, for instance, as parsing a classical poem like Goethe's "Hermann and Doro-thea," analogous to the practice of parsing Milton's "Paradise Lost," until it really becomes a lost paradise, was unheard of in those schools. As the instruction in German advances, the "gynasiast" reads in the classroom the leading works of prose and poetry. Special stress is laid upon develop-ing the faculty of expounding thoughts in all their bearings and upon developing the faculty of individual thinking. Free composition exercises are required every month, the sphere of subjects widening with the general course of the class, be it in Latin, Greek, history, French or German, all teachers keeping in touch with each depart-ment, which they can do the more easily as

## New York Weekly.3

Mrs. Blinkers-Well, did you go to the loctor to see about that bee-sting on little mud on it. He charged me \$2 for the pre-scription, but he gave me the mud to

The others entered the army, and one was killed in the Low Countries. The other obtained the rank of general, and married and and can either walk or drive down again

## SIGNS AND PORTENTS.

Ancient Omens Which Still Retain Their Force in Sections.

A BIG VARIETY OF DEATH SIGNS.

The Materialism of the Times Holds Fast to

the Supernatural. THE "THIRTEEN" AND OTHER FOLLIES

1. While the corpse is in the house, the looking-glass must be turned toward the wall; otherwise, whoever looks into the mirror will die within a year. This custom is said to be most common among Irish Catholies, but is not confined to these. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

2. The clock should be stopped at the time of death, as its running will bring ill luck. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.) Stop the clock at the time of death. (New

Hampshire.) The same custom is noted in Great Britain and Germany. The object, no doubt, is not merely symbolic, as might at first appear, but to limit the power of death by introduc-

ing a new period of time. 3. To keep the corpse in the house over Sunday will bring death in the family before the year is out. (South Framingham,

Mass.)

4. If the grave is left open over Sunday another death will occur before the Sunday following. (Boxford, Mass.)

In Switzerland, if a grave is left open over Sunday, it is said that within four weeks one of the village will die.

5. If rain falls into an open grave, another burial in the same cemetery will occur within three days. (West New York.)

6. If rain falls on a new made grave, there will be another death in the family within the year. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.; Poland, Me.)

A common saying in England is "Happy the corpse that the rain falls on." Thus, it is said that if rain falls at the time of the funeral it is a sign that the dead man has gone to heaven. (Boston, Mass.) The method of conception is the same as that ap-parent. in the two superstitions above enumerated, but the sign is interpreted in a different manner. WHITE HORSES.

7. If a hearse is drawn by two white horses, death in the neighborhood will occur within a month. (Central Maine). If a white horse draws the hearse, another

death will soon follow. (Poland, Me.)

In Bohemis, also, white horses are regarded as warnings of death, though to have a white horse in the stable is also said to bring good luck. To dream of a white horse is a sign of death, both in the latter country and in England. In Sussex white country and in England. In Sussex white animals mysteriously appearing at night, are said to be death warnings. In the lore of the English peasantry, white horses play an important part, and are variously considered as of good and evil portent, a fact which is plausibly accounted for on the ground that these beliefs are inherited from a time when pagan deities were considered to ride on white horses. Thus in Shropshire St. Milhurga so rides as St. Walhurga does St. Milburga so rides, as St. Walburga does in the Tyrol. Tacitus mentious the spotless white horses reared in sacred groves by the Germans of his own day, from whose neigh-

ing auguries were taken.
In Bohemia death is considered as a white woman (survival of the death goddess Morana), whose apparition is a sign of death to the seer. This explains why, in England and Germany, seeing a white woman is of fatal augury. The original idea doubtless is that the goddess appears to and selects those whose society she desires That she should be clad in white indicates her deity; for white, as the color of light, is emblematic of heaven, according to the considerations. It would seem that the pres age of a white horse may rest upon the character of such animal as emblematic of the divine being who summons a mortal to the other world. Should this be really the case, much philosophy and much history would be embedied in a superstition apparently frivolous.

OTHER INTERPRETATIONS. It may, however, be thought that there is a simpler interpretation of these omens, namely their connection with the custom of robing the dead in white. Thus Artemi-dorus, in a work on the interpretation of dreams, written in Rome in the second century, considers that to a sick man a dream of white garments is ominous of death, "be-cause the dead are buried in white raiment; but black clothes signify recovery, because not the dead, but mourners use such apparel. This comes very near the notion of the Sussex peasant above related. In the opinion of the writer, it would be a mistake to exclude the higher conceptions already referred to from the associations suggested by white. But the

to be now considered. It may be remarked that it is not only in the North of Europe that the messenger of the North at Europe that the messenger of death is represented as riding. Readers will remember that the horse of death is men-tioned in Revelation. In Greek symbol-nsm the deceased person is often represented as riding forth on his journey, conducted by a genius. A modern Greek ballot changes Charon, the ferryman, to Charos, the horseman; the young walk before him, the old behind, young babes are carried on his sad-

either between the carriages or the files of mourners on foot. (Boston, Mass.) This is a general superstition. The cus-tom, which has become instinctive with many persons, is usually set down to the score of decency and propriety. procession starts, another death will occur

n the same house. (Ohio.) 10. Whoever counts the carriages at a passing funeral will die within the year. Peabody, Mass.) 11. The corpse must not 'pass twice over any part of the same road. (Baldwins-ville, N. Y.)

RIVERS RULED OUT. 12. The funeral procession must not cross a river. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)
"I was first led to notice the superstition bout crossing a river from having to atwould otherwise have been held on the north side. This is losing ground owing to the frequency of crossing to reach the cemetery, but I had an instance only last spring. "W. M. B."

"W. M. B."

13. It is unlucky, in a funeral, for those present to repass the house where death has occurred. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

14. At a funeral, entering a church before the mourners means death to some of the entering party. (Boston, Mass.)

15. If one dies, and no rigor mortis ensue, it indicates a speedy second death in the family. the family.

The superstition prevails in Great Britain

and on the continent of Europe.

16. The person on whom the eyes of a dying person last rest will be the first to die. (Boston, Mass.) (Boston, Mass.)

This seems to be a form of a widely prevalent superstition that if the eyes of the dying person open of their own accord one of his relatives will soon follow. It is probable that the importance, from time immemorial, attached to the ceremony of closing the eyes of the dead has for its foundation

17. The last name a dying person calls is the next to follow. (New Hampshire.)

18. If three persons look at the same time into a mirror one will die within a year. (Peabody, Mass.; New Hampshire.)

19. To break a looking glass is a death sign, or of bad luck for seven years. This is quite metropoittan ghosts.

not merely the natural propriety of a de-cent usage, but also a belief kindred to the

a general belief. Domestic servants, and particularly superstitious persons, are often thrown into a panic by accidents of this sort. (Niagara Falls, Out.)

A DEATH TOKEN.

In Clun Forest (as in Scotland) such a breakage is said to be a death token. In North Shropshire it means seven years' trouble, to which, in Cornwall, is added, but no want. It adds to the ill luck to preserve the broken pieces. At Wellington anyone who breaks a looking glass will never have any luck till he has broken two more—a rule, however, which seems to apply to all breakages. "When I have broken three I shall have finished." The folk say, "The third time pays for all." In Switzerland, when a mirror breaks, he is said to die who looked in last. In Bohemis it means seven years' distress.

years' distress.

20. If, during sickness, a pair of shears be dropped in such a manner that the point sticks into the floor, it indicates the death of the sick person. (Central New York.)

In Greece, if a pair of scissors is left gaping on a table, it is said that the Archangel Michael, whough is onen ready to angel Michael's mouth is open, ready to take the soul of some member of the family. 21. To dance on the ground indicates disaster or death within a year. (Boxford,

As such dancing has been a universal custom it seems fair to conclude that this su-perstition is local and modern; the inform-ant, however, an elderly person, avers that she has always heard it so said.

22. If 13 sit at table the one who rises

erville, Mass.)

If 13 sit at table, the last one who sits down will not die that year. (Brookline,

This superstition is universal in Europe. This superstition is universal in Europe. In Germany the victim is variously said to be the youngest, the last who sits down, the one who sits under the mirror, the first to eat or arise, the one who seems and and downcast. In Tyrol, by way of exception, the augury extends only to ill luck. In one Bohemian town it is held to be true only for a Christmas festivity, and the fate is extended to all over the number of 12. In a recent newspaper, an account was given of a recent newspaper an account was given of a dinner in the interior of the State of New York, where the omen was supposed to be averted by dividing the guests among two tables. In the Netherlands it is said that the one who sits under the beam is a traitor a statement which points to the Paschal Supper as the origin of the belief; and this s certainly probable while other explana-

## EVEN THE DISHCLOTH.

23. A disheloth hung on a doorknob is a sign of death in a family. (Deerfield, Mass.) It is a common practice to indicate death by tying a piece of crape to the doorknob of the house, whence probably the omen.

24. If a hoe be carried through a house, someone will die before the year is out. (Maussield, O.) The same superstition is found in En-gland. "It is most unlucky to carry an ax, or any sharp tool, on your shoulder through the house, as it is a sign of death of one or more of the inmates. Some extend this omen to any tool carried on the shoulder through a house. At Pulverbatch and Wenlock a spade is the fatal implement; it is a certain sign that a grave will shortly be dug for some member of the household." The editor observes that coffins were former-

ly carried shoulder high.

25. Whoever works on a sick person's dress, he or she will die within a year. (Massachusetts.) 26. To put on the bonnet or hat of one in mourning is the sign that you will wear one before the year is out. (Peaboly, Mass.)

To tie on a crape hat or bonnet is a sign of ourning before the year is out. (Niagara

Falls, Ont.) Don't try on a black bonnet, it means death.
27. When a woman who has been sewing puts her thimble on the table as she sits down to eat, it is a sign that she will be left swift and tortuous stream, making their way

## Journal of American Folk Lore

Zo ological Superstitions Which Trouble the Celestial Mind.

A Chinese native paper published recently a collection of some zoological myths of that country, a few of which are worth noting. In Shau-si there is a bird which Wan-mu Niao (mother of mosquitoes), a fish-eating bird, from whose mouth issue swarms of mosquitoes when it cries. Yung-chow has its stone-swallow, who first the country is equally attractive to the hunter. can divest itself of its feathers and become the wind and rain, and in fine weather turns to stone again. Another bird when killed gives much oil to the hunter, and when the skin is thrown into the water it becomes a living bird again. With regard to animals, few are no useful as the "Jinkih" ox, found in Kansuh, from which large pieces of flesh are cut for meat and grown again in a single day. The merman of the southern seas can weave a kind of silky fabric which keeps a house cool in summer if hung up in one of the rooms. The tears of the merman are pearls. A large hermit crab is attended by a little shrimp which lives in the stomach of its master. If the shrimp is successful in its depredations the crab flourishes, but the latter dies if the shrimp does not return from his daily excursions. The "Ho-lo" is a fish having one head and ten bodies. The myths about snakes are the strangest of all. Thus the square snake of Kwangsi has the power of throwing an inky fluid when at-tacked, which kills its assailants at once. tacked, which kills its assailants at once.

Another snake can divide itself up into 12 pieces, and each piece if touched by a man, will instantly generate a head and fangs at each end. The calling snake asks a traveler: "Where are you from, and whither are you bound?" If he answers the snake follows him for miles, and entering the hotel where he is sleeping, raises a fearful stench. The hotel proprietor however, gnards against this by putting. tor, however, guards against this by putting a centipede in a box under the pillow, and when the snake gives forth the evil odor the centipede is let out, and, flying at the snake, instantly kills him with a bite. The

fat of this snake, which grows to a great size, makes oil for the lamps and produces a flame which cannot be blown out. In Burmah and Cochin-China is a snake which has in the female sax a face like a pretty girl, with two feet growing under her neck, each with five fingers, exactly like the finin color and has a long beard: it will bill a tiger, but a fox is more than a match for

## Perfectly Satisfactory Detroit Free Press. 1

"Have you any work on punctuation? she asked at the bookstore. "Sorry to say we are just out." "Well, perhaps you can tell me what I

want to know. What does a mark under a

word signify?" "That is to emphasize the word." "Oh-I see. Thank you." And as she passed out a clerk heard her whisper to herself. "And James put five marks under the

word 'Dear!' Peter-You children turn up your nose

at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to Tommy-Say, pa, you're having a much

## A FISHING PARADISE.

Idaho's Many Mountain Streams Are Just Loaded With Trout.

ANY QUANTITY TO BE CAUGHT. The Mad Rush of the Salmon to the Small

Rivers and Brooks. SOME BIG SPECIMENS OF STURGEON

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH, 1 SILVER CITY, IDAHO, June 12 .- A letter f inquiry from a friend of mine who has lone much in a true sportsmanlike way to deplete the streams for Venango, Forest and Elk counties, Pennsylvania, of their speckled beauties, and who is now in quest of newer and fresher fields to indulge in his fayorite pastime, has prompted me to

reply through your paper, that others as

well as he may learn something of how this

sport is enjoyed among the mountains of this most attractive Territory.

Assuming that others may be as little intormed respecting everything here as my friend by his letter proves to be, I must inform them that we have no sluggish streams here. All of them originate in and are fed by the mountain snows, and are clear, cold and swiit. I have never seen one yet that was not to my mind an ideal trout stream originally, but many of them have been filled with the debris from placer mining or the slum from quartz mills, and now run along muddy torrents in which no game fish can abide. Others still exist in their pristine purity and abound in trout.

THE PLACE FOR TROUT. In fact, except when salmon come into them no fish except mountain trout exist in them. These mountain trout are not identical with those in the tributaries of the Alcal with those in the tributaries of the Al-legheny, lacking the beautiful scarlet spots of the latter and being darker in color, but quite like them in shape, equal in flavor and possessing all the game qualities of their eastern relations. They take the fly with equal avidity and by their abundance almost satiste a sportsman's pleasure. To reach the streams which they haunt often curs some rugged mountain climbing, but one finds ample compensation for this in the varied splendor of the scenery and the cool, light invigorating atmosphere, so clear at nearly all times that one can see objects at astonishingly long distances. It is a most delightful country in which to camp out, always provided that one is amply equipped with blankets, as warm nights are almost unknown here. It seldom rains here during the summer, and bright clear weather may

be counted upon as almost a certainty. White trout are the only fish in many streams, there are other fish in the territory worth traveling a long way to catch. series of beautiful lakes on the Payette boast of a fish almost peculiarly their own, known as the red fish. These fish are caught weighing from one to five pounds, and are the most beautiful specimens of the and are the most beautiful specimens of the finny tribe ever found. Their color is maroon or brown on the backs, shading off into cardinal and scarlet underneath. They are as swift and game as trout, but run in shoals, so that while the sport of catching them when one runs across a shoal is most exciting, the sport is not always at one's com-

mand.

At the risk, however, of being thought guilty of telling stories of a fishy flavor, I must tell that the most wonderful thing of all here is the run of salmon. They come out of the Columbia into Snake river, and more than 500 miles up the course of that Maine.) out into the tributaries and keep on in their wild, mad rush, leaping cataracts and pushing on up into small streams to where they can scarcely find water enough to float them. I saw one taken out of a little stream foot of the mountain I am now on.

The fish weighed 15 pounds, and the stream was so small I could step across it. Of course, from such mad runs they never get back to the sea, being either caught by men, or the equally expert fishers, bears, or perishing from exhaustion. Snake river also abounds in sturgeon of most enormous size. These are often caught, weighing

Chicago Tribune, 1 Husband-It is true Maria, I sometimes go out and take a sociable glass with a friend. Associated as I am in business with men who drink occasionally, and having for my acquaintances and intimate friends chiefly those who are accustomed to deinking in moderation, I cannot well avoid fol-

lowing their example once in a while without appearing unsocial.

Wife-Gol-lee! Christopher beeswax!
Confound the luck to thunder! Saw my

blamed head off if I—

Husband (in astonishment)—Are you erszy, Maria? What do you mean by such language?
Wife—I am only talking as you do, John, if you step on a tack when you get up in the morning or run a splinter under your fingernall in making a fire. Associated as who talks in this style I cannot well avoid following his example once in a while without appearing unsocial. Whoop! Darn it all! The baby has smeared molasses candy on this beastly door knob again—— Husband (humbly)—1'll sign the pledge

NOVEL STATISTICAL FACTS. If Chevreul Had Never Cut His Nails They Would Have Been 203 Inches Long.

London Figaro.) Here is something for the Statistical Society. It has been calculated by a most devoted amateur of statistics that if the late M. Chevreul, who lately died at the age of 103, had never cut his nalls they would have attained on the 9th ultimo, the day of his decease, to the length of 203

This calculation is founded on the fact, which, according to physiologists, may be safely accepted as correct, that the nails of the average mortal grow every year to the extent of an inch and two-thirds. Strange to say, however, the nail on the middle finger grows a little more quickly than the others, and annually adds close on two inches in length. It therefore follows, states the statistician, that M. Chevreul in the course of his protracted life must have grown in all on his ten digits no less than 56 yards 1 foot of finger nail. Having thus intimated a new path along which the inveterate statistician may ride his pet hobby, I will leave him to extend this interesting inquiry as he may think best,

New York Sun. 1 Harlem Real Estate Agent—I hope you will take this store. You'll find it a good neighborhood for an undertaker. Undertaker-I'm afraid to risk it. "It's a very sickly neighborhood, sir."

'And a great many doctors about." "That's good. Still I'm afraid."
"And no end to the boarding houses."
"Sir, I'll take the room."

BILL NYE talks in to-morrow's DIB-